# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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## THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

Vitalis, a noble Venitian, one day, at a hunting party, fell into a pit which had been dug to catch wild animals. He passed a whole night and day there, and I will leave you to imagine his dread and his agony. The pit was dark.—Vitalis ran from one side of it to the other, in the hope of finding some branch or root by which he might climb its sides and get out of his dungeon; but he heard such confused and extraordinary noises, growlings, hissings, and plaintive cries, that he became half dead with terror, and crouched in a corner motionless, awaited death with the most horrid dismay. On the morning of the second day he heard some one passing near the pit, and then raising his voice, he cried out, with the most dolorous accent, "Help, help! draw me out of this; I am perishing!"

A peasant crossing the forest heard his cry. At first he was frightened; but, after a moment or two, taking courage, he approached the pit, and asked who had called?

"A poor huntsman," answered Vitalis, "who has passed a long night and day here. Help me out, for the love of God. Help me out, and I will recompense you handsomely."

"I will do what I can," replied the peasant.

Then Massaccio (such was the name of the peasant) took a hedgebill which hung at his girdle, and cutting a branch of a tree strong enough to bear a man, "Listen, huntsman," said he, "to what I am going to say to you. I will let down this branch into the pit. I will fasten it against the sides and hold it with my hand; and by pulling yourself out by it, you may get free from your prison."

"Good," answered Vitalis; "ask me anything you will, and it shall be granted."

"I ask for nothing," said the peasant, "but I am going to be married, and may give what you like to my bride."

So saying, Massaccio let down the branch—he soon felt it heavy, and the moment after a monkey leapt merrily out of the pit. He had fallen, like Vitalis, and had seized quickly on the branch of Massaccio. "It was the devil surely which spoke to me from the pit," said Massaccio, running away with affright.

"Do you abandon me, then?" cried Vitalis, in a lamentable accent; "my friend, my dear friend, for the love of the Lord, for the love of your mistress, draw me out of this; I beg, I implore you; I will give her wedding gifts, I will enrich you. I am the Lord Vitalis, a rich Venitian; do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit."

Massaccio was touched by these prayers. He returned to the pit—let down another branch, and a lion jumped out, making the woods echo with a roar of delight.

"O certainly, certainly, it was the devil I heard," said Massaccio, and fled away again, but stopping short, after a few paces, he heard again the piercing cries of Vitalis.

"O God," cried he; to die of hunger in a pit! Will no one then come to help me? Whoever you may be, I implore you so return; let me not die when you can save me, save me. I will give you a house and field, and cows and gold all that you can ask for; save me, save me only.

Massaccio, thus implored could not help returning. He let down the branch, and a serpent, hissing joyously, sprang out of the pit. Massaccio fell on his knees, half dead with fear, and repeated all the prayers he could think of to drive away the demon. He was only brought to himself by hearing the cries of despair which Vitalis uttered.

"Will no one help me?" said he. "Ah, then, must I die? O God, O God?" and he wept and sobbed in a heart-breaking manner.

"It is certainly the voice of a man, for all that," said Massaccio.

"Oh, if you are still there," said Vitalis, "in the name of all that is dear to you, save me, that I may die at least at home, and not in this horrible pit. I can say no more; my voice is exhausted. Shall I give you my palace at Venice, my possession, my honors? I give them all! and may I die if I forget my word. Life, life only, —save only my life."

Massaccio could not resist such prayers, and mingled with such promises. He let down the branch again.

"Ah, here you are at last," said he, seeing Vitalis come up.

"Yes," said he, and uttering a cry of joy, he fainted in the arms of Massaccio. Massaccio sustained, assisted him, and brought him to himself; then, giving him his arm, "Let us," said he, "quit this forest;" but Vitalis could hardly walk—he was exhausted with hunger.

"Eat this piece of bread," said Massaccio, and he gave him some, which he took out of his wallet.

"My benefactor, my saviour, my good angel," said Vitalis, "how can I ever sufficiently recompense you?"

"You have promised me a marriage portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for myself," said Massaccio. But Vitalis now began to regain his strength.

"Yes, certainly, I will give a portion to your wife, my dear Massaccio, and I will make you the richest peasant of our village. Where do you live?"

"At Capalatta in the forest: but I would willingly quit my village to establish myself in the palace you have promised me."

"Here we are out of the forest," said Vitalis, "I know my road now; thank you, Massaccio."

"But when shall I come for my palace and the portion of my intended?" rejoined the peasant.

"When you will," said the other; and they separated.

Vitalis went to Venice, and Massaccio to Capalatta, where he related his adventure to his mistress, telling her what a rich portion she was to have, and what a palace she was to live in.

The next day early he set out for Venice, and asked for the palace of the Signor Vitalis—went straight to it, and told the domestics that he should come shortly with his mistress in a fine carriage to take possession of the palace which the Signor Vitalis had promised to give him.—Massaccio appeared to those who heard him mad, and Vitalis was told that there was a peasant in his hall, who asked for a marriage portion, and said the palace belonged to him.

"Let him be turned out immediately," said Vitalis; "I know him not."

The valets accordingly drove him away, with insults, and Massaccio returned to his cottage in despair, without daring to see his mistress. At one corner of his fire-place was seated the monkey, at the other the lion, and the serpent had twisted itself in spiral circles upon the hearth. Massaccio was seized with fear. "The man has driven me from his door," thought he, "the lion will devour me, the serpent will sting me, and the monkey will laugh at me; and still this will be my reward for saving them from the pit." But the monkey turned to him with the most amicable grimace; the lion, vibrating his tail, come and licked his hand, like a dog caressing his master, and the serpent, unrolling his ringy body, moved about the room, with a contented and grateful air, which gave courage to Massaccio.

"Poor animals!" said he, they are better than the Signor Vitalis; he drove me like a beggar from the door. Ah! with what pleasure I would pitch him again into the pit. And my bride! whom I thought to marry so magnificently I have not a stick of wood in my wood-house, not a morsel of meat for my meal, and no money to buy any. The ungrateful wretch, with his portion and his palace!"

Thus did Massaccio complain. Meanwhile the monkey began to make significant faces, the lion to agitate his tail with great uneasiness, and the serpent to roll and unroll its circles with great rapidity. Then the monkey, approaching his benfactor, made him a sign to follow, and led him into the wood-house where was regularly piled up a quantity of wood sufficient for the whole year. It was the monkey who had collected this wood in the forest, and brought it to the cottage of Massaccio. Massaccio embraced the grateful ape. The lion then uttering a delicate roar, led him to a corner where he saw the enormous provision of game, two sheep, three kids, hares and rabbits in abundance, and a fine wild boar, all covered with the branches of trees to keep them fresh. It was the lion who had hunted for his benefactor. Maccaccio patted kindly his mane. "And you, then," he said to the serpent, "have you brought me nothing?—Art thou a Vitalis, or a good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?" The serpent glided rapidly under a heap of dried leaves, and re-appeared immediately, rearing itself superbly on its tail, when Massaccio saw with surprise a beautiful diamond in its mouth. "A diamond!" cried Massaccio, and stretching forth his hand to stroke caressingly the serpent and take its offering.

Massaccio then set out immediately for Venice to turn his diamond into money. The jeweller examined the diamond; it was of the finest water.

"How much do you ask for it?" said he.

"Two hundred crowns," said Massaccio thinking his demand to be great; it was hardly the tenth part of the value of the stone. The jeweller looked at Massaccio, and said, "To sell it at that price you must be a robber, and I arrest you."

"If it not worth so much, give less," said Massaccio; "I am not a robber, I am an honest man; it was the serpent who gave me the diamond."

But the police now arrived, and conducted him before the magistrate. There he recounted his adventure, which appeared to be a mere fairy vision. Yet, as Signor Vitalis was implicated in the story, the magistrate referred the affairs to the state inquisition, and appeared before it.

"Relate to us your history," said one of the inquisitors, "and lie not, or we will have you thrown into the canal."

Massaccio related his adventure.

"So," said the inquisitor, "you saved the Signor Vitalis?"

"Yes, noble Signor."

"And he promised you a marriage portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself?"

"Yes, noble signor."

"And he drove you like a beggar from his door?"

"Yes, noble signor."

"Let the Signor Vitalis appear," said the same inquisitor.

Vitalis appeared.

"Do you know this man, Signor Vitalis?"

Vitalis replied, "I know not the man."

The inquisitors consulted together.

"This man," said they, speaking of Massaccio, "is evidently a knave and a cheat; he must be thrown into prison. Signor Vitalis, you are acquitted." Then, making a sign to an officer of police, "Take that man, said he, "to prison."

Massaccio fell on his knees in the middle of the hall. "Noble signors, noble signors," said he. "it is possible that the serpent may have wished to deceive me. It is possible that the ape, the lion and the serpent may all be a delusion of the demon; but it is true that I saved the Signor Vitalis. Sighor Vitalis," (turning to him,) "I ask you not for the marriage portion for my bride, or for your palace of marble, but say a word for me; suffer me not to be thrown into prison; do not abandon me; I did not abandon you when you were in the pit."

"Noble signors," said Vitalis, bowing to the tribunal, "I can only repeat what I have said; I know not the man. Has he a single witness to produce?"

At this moment the whole court was thrown into fear and astonishment, for the lion, the monkey, and the serpent entered the hall together. The monkey was mounted on the back of the lion, and the serpent was twined round the arm of the monkey. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey spluttered, and the serpent hissed.

"Ah, these are the animals of the pit," cried Vitalis, in alarm.

"Signor Vitalis," resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the dismay which this apparition had caused had somewhat diminished, "you have asked where were the witnesses of Massaccio? You see that God has sent them at the right time before the bar of our tribunal. Since then, God has testified against you, we would be culpable before him if we did not punish your ingratitude. Your palace and your possessions are confiscated, and you shall pass the rest of your life in a narrow prison. And you," continued he, addressing himself to Massaccio, who was all this time caressing the lion, the monkey and serpent, "since a Venitian has promised you a palace of marble, and a portion for your bride, the republic of Venice will accomplish the promise; the palace and possesions of Vitalis are thine. You," said he to the secretary of the tribunal, "draw up an account of all this history, that the people of Venice may know, through all generations, that the justice of the tribunal of the state inquisition is not less equitable than it is rigorous."

Massaccio and his wife lived happily for many years afterwards in the palace of Vitalis, with the monkey, the lion and the serpent; and Massaccio had them represented in a picture on the wall of his palace, as they entered the hall of the tribunal, the lion carrying the monkey, and the monkey carrying the serpent.

## BLESSING OF A GOOD DEED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I should like to do that, every day, for a year to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his hands together quickly in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker, and had just made an "operation," by which a clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured. He was alone in his office; or, so much alone as not to feel restrained by the presence of another. And yet, a pair of dark, sad eyes were fixed intently upon his self satisfied countenance, with an expression, had he observed it, that would, at least, have excited a moment's wonder. The owner of this pair of eyes was a slender, rather poorly dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom Mr. Everett had engaged, a short time previously, to attend in his office and run upon errands. He was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly reduced circumstances. His father had been an early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact which led to the boy's introduction into the broker's office.

"Two thousand dollars!" The broker had uttered aloud his satisfaction; but now he communed with himself silently. "Two thousand dollars! A nice little sum that for a single day's work. I wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say to-morrow morning, when he hears of such an advance in these securities?"

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state of exhileration. Most probably, there was something in the transaction, by which he had gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear too close a scrutiny—something that Mr. Everett would hardly like to have blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a more sober mood, in time, succeeded, and although the broker was richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no happier.

An hour afterwards, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?"

"No; what of him?"

"He's said to be off for California with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to him."

"What!"

"Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New York in the steamer yesterday."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who, by this time, was very considerably excited.

"He owes you, does he?" said the friend.

"I lent him three hundred dollars only day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle."

"Yes it is. O, if I could only get my hands on him!"

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amiable expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other. "I think he has let you off quite reasonably.—Was that sum all he asked to borrow?"

"Yes."

"I know two, at least, who are poorer by a couple of thousands by his absence."

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of his office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most unhappy feelings. The two thousand dollars gain in no way balanced in his mind the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one, had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark sad eyes had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked with uneasy steps, the floor of his office.

As the afternoon waned, the broker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement, produced by the loss, passed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer during all this time, it is a little remarkable, that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usually the case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to the boy, and encountering his large, earnest eyes, "take this note around to Mr. Legrand."

John sprang to do his bidding; received the note, and was off with unusual fleetness. But, the door which closed upon his form, did not shut out the expression of his sober face and humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett.—In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung to the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and quicker than usual though his motions were, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thought now entered the broker's mind. This child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling—though of very low vitality. He paid him a couple of dollars a week, and thought little more about him, or his widowed mother.—He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a trifling matter like this. But, now, as the image of that sad face—for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly towards the boy—lingered in his mind, growing every moment more distinct, and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together, in years long since passed, ere generous feelings had hardened into ice, or given place to an all-pervading selfishness. He remembered, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her to their little world as his bride. The lad had her large dark, spiritual eyes—only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giving place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried, once or twice, during the boy's absence, to obliterate these recollections, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" asked the broker, when the lad had returned from his errand.

The question was so unexpected, that it confused him.

"She's well—thank you, sir. No—not very well, either—thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed, and his eyes suffused

"Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke with kindness, and in a tone of interest. "Not sick, I hope?"

"No, sir; not very sick. But—"

"But what, John," said Mr. Everett, encouragingly.

"She's in trouble," half stammered the boy, while the color deepened on his face.

"Ah, indeed? I'm sorry for that. What is the trouble, John?"

The tears, which John had been vainly striving to repress, now gushed over his face, and with a boyish shame for the weakness, he turned away and struggled for a time with his overmastering feelings.

Mr. Everett was no little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited with a new born consideration for the boy, not unmingled with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve her."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the lad, eagerly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and, in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can."

Hard indeed would have been the heart that could have withstood the appealing eyes lifted by John Leverling to the face of Mr. Everett.—But, Mr. Everett had not a hard heart. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference towards others; but, the crust was now broken through.

"Speak freely, my good lad," said he, kindly. "Tell me of your mother. What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir." Tremulous and mournful was the boy's voice. "And mother isn't well. She does all she can; and my wages help a little. But, there are three of us children, and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn any thing. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hadn't the money to pay it with. This morning, the man who owns the house where we live, came for some money, and when mother told him that she had none, he got, oh, so angry! and frightened us all. He said, if the rent wasn't paid by to-morrow he'd turn us all into the street. Poor mother! She went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"O, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do."

"How much?"

"Fourteen dollars, sir," answered the lad.

"Is that all?" And Mr. Everett thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here are twenty dollars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her with my compliments."

The boy grasped the money eagerly, and, as he did so, in an irrepressible burst of gratitude, kissed the hand from which he received it. He did not speak for strong emotion choked all utterance; but Mr. Everett saw his heart in his large, wet eyes; and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about passing through the door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother."

"I wish you would, sir," answered the boy, as he came slowly back.

A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but promised, for the sake of old recollections that now were crowding fast upon his mind, to be the widow's future friend.

For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor. His thoughts were clear, and his feelings tranquil. He had made, on that day, the sum of two thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him a tithe of the pleasure he derived from the bestowal of twenty dollars. He thought, too, of the three hundred dollars he had lost by a misplaced confidence; yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by fancy, and all was sunny again.

Mr. Everett went home to his family on that evening, a cheerful minded man. Why? Not because he was richer by nearly two thousand dollars. That circumstance would have possessed no power to lift him above the shadowed, fretful state which the loss of three hundred had produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this was pervading his bosom with a warming sense of delight.

Thus it is, that true benevolence carries with it, ever a double blessing. Thus it is, that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation, or selfish withholding.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

### Population of the Grave.

Under this head the *Merchant's Ledger* has some very curious and interesting calculation.

It estimates the average of American births per second, for the last eighteen hundred and fifty-three years, at about 815. This would make the whole number of human beings who have lived since the birth of Christ, about thirty-two thousand millions.

Deducting from this number the nine hundred and sixty milliots, who form the present population of the globe, and it leaves the number of thirty-one thousand and forty millions that have gone to the grave.

Of this number, the estimate is that nine thousand million have died by wars.

Eight thousand millions by famine and pestilence.

Five hundred millions by martyrdom.

Five hundred and eighty millions by intoxicating drinks.

Thirteen thousand millions naiural or otherwise.

By this estimate it will be seen that war and strong drink have sent one-third of the human race to a premature grave.

### Wellington Saving Napoleon's Life.

The following passage from the memoirs of the late General V. Muffling, written by himself, under the title of "Aus meinem Leben, will perhaps at this moment be read with some interest. Muffling was the agent of all the communications between the head-quarters of Blucher and the Duke of Wellington during the march of the allies on Paris, after the return of Napoleon from Elba:

"During the march, (after the battle of Waterloo,) Blucher had once a chance of taking Napoleon prisoner, which he was very anxious to do; from the French commissioners who were sent to him to propose an armistice, he demanded the delivery of Napoleon to him as the first condition of the negotiations. I was charged by Marshal Blucher to represent to the Duke of Wellington that the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon outlawed, and that he was determined to have him shot at the moment that he fell into his hands. Yet he wished to know from the duke what he thought of the matter; for if he (the duke) had the same intentions, the marshal was willing to act with him in carrying them into effect. The duke looked at me rather astonished, and began to dispute the correctness of the marshal's interpretation of the proclamation of Vienna, which was not at all intended to authorize or incite to the murder of Napoleon; he believed, therefore, that no right to shoot him in case he should be made prisoner of war, could be founded on this document, and he tho't the position both of himself and the marshal towards Napoleon, since the victory had been won, was too high to permit such a act to be committed. I had felt all the force of the Duke's arguments before I delivered he message I had very unwillingly undertaken, and was therefore not inclined to oppose them. I, therefore, continued the Duke, wish my friend and colleague to see this matter in the light I do; such an act would give our name to history stained by a crime, and posterity would say of us, they are not worthy to be his conquerers; the more so, as such a deed is useless, and can have no object. Of these expressions, I only used enough to dissuade Blucher from his intention."

There are three despathes given by Muffling in the appendix to his memoirs, in which the execution of Napoleon is urged on the Duke of Wellington by Blucher, they are signed by Gneisnau, and leave no debt of the determination to revenge the bloodshed of the war on the cause of it, had he fallen into the hand of the Prussian commander. Blucher's fixed idea was that the Emperor should be executed on the very spot where the Duc Enghien was put to death. The last despatch gelds an unwilling assent to the Duke of Wellington's remonstrances, and calls his interference "dramatic magnanimity," which the Prussian head-quarters did not at all comprehend. Probably but few Frenchmen are aware of the existence of this correspondence, or that it is an historical fact that Napoleon's life was saved by his rival, whom it cost no small exertion to save.—(N. Y. Ev. Post.

### To Old Oaken Bucket.

This beautiful and popular song or balad is said to have had its origin under the following circumstance, which give it additional interest:

Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and several other 'Old New Yorkers,' were brother typos in a printing-office, which was situated at the corner of Chesnut and Chambers streets, there were very few places in the city of New York where one could enjoy the luxury of a really 'good drink.' Among the few places most worthy of patronage, was an establishment kept by Mallory, on Franklin street, on or about the same spot where St. John's Hall recently stood. Woodworth, in company with several particular friends, had 'dropped in' at this place one afternoon, for the purpose of taking some 'brady and water,' which Mallory was famous for keeping.

The liquor was super-excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for after taking a draught, he laid his glass upon the table, (remember, reader, if you please, that in those 'are old times,' a man rarely met a friend without inviting him to imbibe) and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to any he had ever tasted. 'No,' said M., 'you are quite mistaken: there was one thing which, in both our estimations, far surpasses this, in the way of drinking.' 'What was that?' asked Woodworth, dubiously. 'The draught of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the *old oaken bucket* that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer.'

The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. 'True! true!' he replied, and soon after quitted the place. He returned to the office, grasped the pen, and in half an hour 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready, in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

#### THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections present them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house near it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well!

The moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar the fabled god sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As memory reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

### Romance of Real Life.

Napoleon's Letters to Josephine.

During and immediately after the great battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon addressed a series of letters to Josephine. They are appended to an article in the last number of Harper's New Monthly, and they will be read with more than ordinary interest. The great Captain evidently cherished the deepest affection for his first wife, and no portion of his history is fraught with more romantic charm, than that in which he turned aside from the cares of State, to bare his heart to the idol of his early devotion. The following are the letters alluded to:

"2 Oct. 1805 10 o'clock, A. M

"I am still in good health. I start for Stuttgard where I shall be to-night. The great manœuvres commence. The armies of Wurtemberg and of Baden have united with mine. I am in a good position, and I love you. NAPOLEON."

"12 Oct. 11 o'clock at night

"My army has entered Munich. The enemy is beaten. Every thing announces the most short, successful, and brilliant campaign I have yet made. I am very well. The weather is, however, frightful. I change my clothes twice a day; it rains so incessantly. I love you, and embrace you. NAPOLEON."

"10 Oct.

"I have been, my good Josephine, much fatigued. During all the days of an entire week, I have been drenched with rain, and my feet have been nearly frozen. This has made me a little ill. To-day I have obtained some repose. I have fulfilled my design. I have destroyed the Austrian army by simple marches. I have taken 60,000 prisoners, 120 pieces of cannon, 90 flags, and more than 30 generals. I now go in pursuit of the Russians. They are undone. I am content with my army. I have lost but 1500 men, and of these two-thirds are but slightly wounded. Adieu, my Josephine. A thousand loving words to you."

"6 Nov. 10 o'clock at night

"I am in full march. The weather is very cold. The earth is covered with a foot of snow. This is a little severe. Happily our march is through forests. I am pretty well. My affairs move very satisfactorily. My enemies ought to be more anxious than I. I desire very much to hear from you, and to learn that you are free from inquietude. Adieu my love. I must sleep."

"15 Nov. 9 o'clock at night

"I left Vienna two days ago, my love, a little fatigued. I have not yet seen the city by day. I passed through it in the night. Almost all my troops are beyond the Danube pursuing the Russians. Adieu, my Josephine. The very moment it is possible, I shall send for you to come to me. A thousand loving words for you.

NAPOLEON."

"16 November

"I have written for you to come immediately to Baden, and thence to Munich, by the way of Stuttgard. Bring with you the means of making presents to the ladies and to the functionaries who may serve you. Be unassuming, but receive all homage. Everything is due to you. You owe nothing but courtesy. The Electress of Wurtemberg is daughter of the King of England. She is a lovely woman. Treat her with kindness, but without affectation. I shall be most happy to see you the moment my affairs will allow me to do so. I set out immediately for my advance guard. The weather is frightful. It snows continually. As to the rest, my affairs are prosperous. Adieu, my love.

NAPOLEON."

"3 Dec. 1805.

"I send Lebrun to you from the field of battle. I have beaten the Russian and Austrian armies commanded by the two Emperors. I am a little fatigued. I have bivouacked eight days in the open air, through nights severely cold. I shall pass to-night in the chateau of Prince Kaunitz, where I go to sleep for two or three hours. The Russian army is not only beaten, but destroyed. I embrace you.

NAPOLEON."

"December 5

"I have concluded a truce. The Russians have implored it. The victory of Austerlitz is the most illustrious of all which I have gained. We have taken 45 flags, 150 pieces of cannon, and 20 generals. More than 20,000 are slain. It is an awful spectacle. The Emperor Alexander is in despair. I saw yesterday, at my bivouac, the Emperor of Germany. We conversed for two hours, and agreed upon an immediate peace. The weather is dreadful. Repose is again restored to the Continent. Let us hope that it will extend throughout the world. The English will not be able to make headway against us. I look forward with great pleasure to the moment when I shall again see you. Adieu, my love. I am pretty well, and am very desirous to embrace you."

"10 Dec., 1805.

"It is long since I have heard any news from you. The brilliant fetes of Baden, Stuttgard, and Munich, cause the poor soldiers, drenched with rain, and covered with blood and mire, to be forgotten. I set out immediately for Vienna. The Russians are gone. They return to their own country thoroughly beaten and thoroughly humiliated. I desire intensely to return to you. Adieu, my love. NAPOLEON."

The following letter, of which we give a facsimile, conceals beneath the semblance of mirthfulness, a spirit wounded by apparent neglect:

"19 December.

"August Empress! Not one letter from you since your departure from Strasbourg. You have entered Baden, Stuttgard, and Munich without writing us one word. That is not very amiable nor very tender. I am still at Brunn. The Russians have gone. I have a truce. Condscend, from the summit of your grandeur, to occupy yourself a little with your slaves.

NAPOLEON."